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To the most noble and ver-  
teous King our soueraigne lord King  
Edward the. vi. King of England, Fraunce,  
and Ireland, defender of the fayth, and in  
earth of the church of England and  
also of Ireland the supreme head,  
Thomas Sternholde Grome of  
hys Maiesties Robes, wis-  
sheth increase of health,  
honour, and fe-  
licity.



[C. 1600]  
No 56]



Althoughe, moste noble  
Soueraigne, the gros-  
nesse of my witte dooeth  
not suffice to searche out  
the secreete mysteries hyd-  
den in þ booke of psalmes,  
whiche by the opinion of manye learned  
menne, comprehendeth the effecte of the  
wholle Byble: yet trustyng to the good-  
nesse of God, whiche hath in hys hande  
the keye thereof, whiche shutteth and no  
man openeth, openeth and no man shut-  
teth

A. II.

teth

## The Preface,

teth, albeit I cannot geue to your Ma-  
iestie greate loaues thereof, or byrnyng in  
to the Lordes barne, full handefulles:  
yet to the entente I woulde not appeare  
in the harueste bitterly ydle and baraine,  
beeyng warned with the example of the  
dye fyggetree, I am bolde to presente  
vnto youre Maiestie, a fewe crummes  
whiche I haue pycked vp from vnder  
the Lordes boorde: and am glad wyth  
the poore woman Ruth, the Moabite,  
to come behinde, and gather a fewe eares  
of corne after the reapers, renderynge  
thanks to almyghtye GOD, that hath  
appoynted vs suche a Kyng and go-  
uernoure, that forbyddeth not laye men  
to gather and lease in the Lordes har-  
ueste, but rather commaundeth the rea-  
pers to caste out of theyr handefulles a-  
mong vs, that wee maye boldely ga-  
ther withoute rebuke: perceyvyng also  
that your Maiestie hath so searched the  
fountaynes of the Scriptures, that yet  
beeyng younge, you vnderstande them  
better

## The Preface.

better then manye elders , the veraye  
meane to attayne to the perfevte go-  
uernemente of this your Realme to gods  
gloze , the prosperitie of the publyque  
wealthe, and to the counforte of all your  
Maiestyes subiectes . Seeing further  
that youre tender and Godly zeale doeth  
more delyghte in the holpe songes of ve-  
ritie , then in anpe feygned tunes of va-  
nitie, I am encouraged to trauaile fur-  
ther in the sayd booke of Psalmes: trust-  
ing that as youre grace taketh pleasure  
to heare them songe sometymes of me, so  
ye wyl also delyghte , not onelye to see  
and reade them youre selfe , but also to  
commaunde them to bee songe to you  
of others : that as ye haue the Psalme  
it selfe in youre mynde , so ye maye iudge  
myne endeuoure by youre eare . And if I  
maye perceiue your Maiestye willyngly  
to accepte my wyl herein , where my do-  
yng is no thanke worthye, and to fauour  
so this my beginning , that my labour  
bee acceptable in perfourmyng the resy-  
due , I

The Preface.

Due, I shall endeuoure my selfe with dy:  
ligence, not only to enterpryse that whiche  
better learned ought moze iustlye to doe,  
but also to persourne that without fault,  
whiche your Maiestye will receyue with  
iuste thanke. The Lorde of earthlye  
Kyniges, geue your Grace daylye  
increase of honour and vertue:  
and fulfill all your Godlye  
requestes in him, without  
whose gifte wee haue  
or can obtene no-  
thyng. Amen.

# The Psalmes of David in Metre.

Beatus vir. psal. 1.

Howe happy be the righteous men,  
this psalme declareth plaine:  
And howe the waies of wicked men,  
be damnable and vaine.

**T**he man is blest that hath not gone  
by wicked rede astrape:  
He safe in chayre of pestilence,  
nor walke in sinners wape.

But in the lawe of God the Lorde,  
doth sette his whole Delight:  
And in that lawe doth exercise,  
hymselfe both daye and night.

And as the tree that planted is,  
laste by the riuer side:  
Euen so shall he bring forth his fruite  
in his due time and tide.

His lease shall neuer fall awaie,  
but florische still and stande:

A.iii.

Eche

The Psalmes of David

Each thing shal prosper wonderous wel  
that he doth take in hande.

So shal not the vngodly doe,  
they shalbe nothyng so:  
But as the duste whiche from the earth,  
the windes dypue to and fro.

Therefore shal not the wicked men,  
in iudgemente stande vpight:  
Ne yet in counsell of the iuste,  
but shalbee boide of might.

For why, the waie of godly men,  
vnto the Lorde is knowne:  
And eke the waie of wicked men,  
Shall quite be ouerthrowne.

Quare fremuerunt. psalme. ii.

Howe Hearthen kinges did Christ withstand  
yet he was king of all;  
And of the counsell that he gaue,  
to kynges terrestriall.

**W**hy dyd the Gentiles fret and fume,  
what rage was in theyr brayne?

Why did the Jewish people muse,  
on matters that were vaine?

The

The kynges and rulers of the earth  
 stood vp and did conuente:  
 Against the Lorde and Christ his sonne  
 whiche he among vs sent,

Shal we be bounde to them, say theye  
 let all their bondes be broke:  
 And of their doctrine and their law  
 let vs reiecte the yoke.

But he that in the heauen dwelth,  
 their doinges will decide:  
 And make them all as mockyng stocks  
 throughout the worlde so wide.

For in his wrathe the Lord wil speake  
 to them vpon a daye:  
 And in his fury trouble them,  
 and then the Lorde will saye.

Of hym was I appointed king  
 vpon his holy hill:  
 To preache the people his preceptes,  
 and to declare his will.

For in this wise the Lorde himself  
 did saye to me I wotte:  
 Thou arte my dere and onely sonne,  
 to daye I thee begotte.



The Psalmes of David

All people I shall geue to thee,  
as heires at thy request:  
The endes and coastes of all the earth,  
by thee shall bee possesst.

Thou shalt them rule and gouerne all  
and breake them like a God:  
As thou wouldest breake an earthen pot,  
euen with an yron rod.

Nowe ye O kinges and rulers all,  
be wise theretofore and learnde:  
By whom the matters of the worlde,  
be iudged and discernde.

See that ye serue the Lorde aboue,  
in trembling and in feare:

See that with reuerence ye reioyce,  
to hym in like manere.

See that ye kisse and eke embrace,  
his blessed sonne I saye:

Lest in his wrathe ye perishe all,  
and wandet from his waye.

For whan his wrath full sodenly,  
shall kindle in his breste:

Then all that put their truste in hym,  
shall certainly be blesse.

Domine



The passion here is figured,  
and howe Christ rose againe:  
So is the Church and feithfull men,  
their trouble and their paine.

**O** Lord howe many doe encrease,  
and trouble me full sore:  
Howe many saye vnto my soule,  
God will him saue no more:

But thou O lord art my defence  
when I am heard bestead:  
My worship and mine honor both,  
and thou holdest vp mine head.

And with my voyce vpon the Lord,  
I doe bothe call and crye:  
And he out of his holy hill,  
dothe heare me by and by.

I layde me downe, and quietly  
I slept and rose again:  
For why, I knowe assuredly,  
the Lord will me sustaine.

Ten thousande men haue compass me  
yet am I not afraide:

For

The Psalmes of David

For thou arte still my Lorde my God,  
my sauour and mine aide.

Thou smitest all thyne enemies,  
euen on the harde cheke bone:  
And thou hast broken all the teeth  
of eche vngodly one.

Saluacion onely dothe belong,  
to thee, O Lorde aboue:  
Bestowe therefore vpon thy folke,  
thy blessing and thy loue.

Cum inuocarem.

psal. iiii.

God hearde the prayer of the Church,  
mennes vanities are shente:  
With sacrifice of righteousnes,  
the Lorde is best content.

O God that art my righteousnesse  
Lorde heare me when I call:  
Thou hast sette me at libertie,  
when I was bonde and thrall.

O mortall men how long will ye  
the glozie of God despise?  
Why wander ye in vanitie,  
and folow after lyes?

Knowing that good and godlye men,  
the

the Lorde doth take and chuse:  
And when to him I make my plainte,  
he doth me not refuse.

Sinne not but stand in awe therfore,  
examine wel thine heart:  
And in thy chamber quietly,  
thou shalt thy selfe conuerte.

Offer to God the sacrifice,  
of righteousness I saye:  
And looke that in the liuing Lord,  
thou put thy trust alwaye.

The greater sort craue worldly goodes  
and riches doe embrace:  
But Lord graunt vs thy countenance,  
thy fauour and thy grace.

Wherewith thou shalt make all our  
more Joyfull and more glad: (heartes  
Than thei that of thy corne and wine,  
full great increase haue had.

In peace therfore lye downe wyl I,  
taking my rest and slepe:  
For thou art he that onely doest  
all men in safetie kepe.

Verba mea auxilium.

psa. 141.

The Psalmes of David

The Churche dothe praye and propherye  
that god dothe not regarde,  
Lycis and bloudye Scilmatikes,  
but good men haue rewarde.

**P**onder my woordes O Lord aboue,  
my studie Lorde consider:  
And heare my voyce, my kyng my God,  
to thee I make my prayer.

Lorde thou shalt heare me call betyme  
for I will haue respecte:  
My prayer early in the morne,  
to thee for to directe.

And onely thee I will beholde,  
thou art the God alone:  
That is not pleasde with wickednes,  
and yll in thee is none.

And in thy sighte there shal not stande  
these furious fooles O Lorde:  
Vaine workers of iniquitie,  
of the shall be abhorde.

The lyers and the flatterers,  
thou shalt destroye them than:  
And thou wilt hate the bloude thyrstye,  
and the deceiptfull man.

But

But I wyl come into thy house  
 trusting vpon thy grace:  
 And reuerently will woozship thee,  
 towarde thine holy place.

Lozde leade me in thy righteousnes  
 for to confounde my foes:  
 And eke the waye that I shall walke,  
 befoze my face disclose.

For in their mouthes there is no trueth  
 their heart is foule and vaine:  
 Their throte an open sepulchre,  
 their tongues doe glose and faine.

Condemne them and their counsaills all  
 let their deuise decaye:  
 Subuerte them in their heapes of synne  
 for thei did thee betraye.

But those that put their truste in thee,  
 lette them be glad alwayes:  
 And render thankses for thy defence,  
 and geue thy name the prayse.

For thou with fauour folowest,  
 the iuste and righteous wyll:  
 And with thy grace as with a shield,  
 defendest hym from yll.

The Psalmes of David

Domine ne in furore.

psal. vi.

The troubled soule with synne oppresse  
on God for grace doth call:  
Though he some time turne backe his face,  
from fayth it doth not fall.

**L**orde in thy wrathe reprove me not  
though I deserue thyne Ire:  
Repet correcte me in thy rage,  
O Lorde I thee desyre.

For I am weake, therefore O lorde  
of mercie me forbear:  
And heale me lord, for why thou knowest  
my bones doe quake for feare.

My soule is troubled very sore,  
and vexed vehemently:  
But lorde howe long wilt thou delaye,  
to cure my miserie?

Lorde turne thee to thy wonted grace,  
my selfe soule vp take:  
Oh saue me, not for my desertes,  
but for thy mercyes sake.

For why, no manne among the dead,  
remembreth thee one whyle:

O: who shal worship thee, O lord,  
in the infernall pytter

So grieuous is my playnt and mone  
that I waxe wondrous faynt:  
And walche my bed wheras I couche,  
with teares of my complaynt.

My beauty fadeth cleane away,  
with anguiche of myne heart:  
For feare of those that be my foes,  
and would my soule subuert.

But now away from me all ye,  
that woozke iniquitie:  
For why the lord hath heard the voyce  
of my complaynt and crye.

He heard not onely the request,  
and prayer of my heart:  
But it receiued at my hande,  
and tooke it in good part.

And now my foes, that vexed me,  
the lord will soone defame:  
And soodenly confound them all,  
to theire rebuke and shame.



The psalmes of David

**T**he churche agaynst her foes to God;  
her sufferance doth declare:  
The wicked which would worke disceit,  
are trapt in their owne Inare.

**O** Lord my God, I put my trust,  
and confidence in thee:  
Saue me from them that me pursue;  
and eke deliuer me.

Lest lyke a Lion they deuoute,  
my soule in pieces small:  
Whiles there is none to succour me,  
and ryd me out of thral.

**O** Lorde my God if I haue doone,  
the thing that is not ryght:  
Or els if I be found in sinne,  
or guiltie in thy sight.

Or haue rewarded ill for ill,  
to those that harmed me;  
Or rashely robde myne enemye,  
with great extremitie.

Than let my foes pursue my soule;  
and eke my lyfe down thrust:  
vnto the earth, and also lap  
myne honour in the dust.



If not, stert vp lord in thy wrath,  
and put my foes to payne:  
Perfourme thy vengeaunce promised  
to such as me disdaine.

And that thy flocke may come to thee,  
and know thee by this thing:  
Exalt thy self in maiestie,  
as their chief lord and king.

That art reuenger of all folke,  
O lord reuenge thou me:  
According to my righteousness,  
and mine integritie.

Lord cease the hate of wicked men,  
and be the iust mans guyde:  
By whom the secretes of all heartes,  
are searched and descryde.

I take my helpe to come of God,  
in all my grief and smart:  
That doeth preserve all those that be,  
of pure and perfect heatt.

For God a right reuenger is,  
and patient with hys power:  
He thzeatneth still, yet we prouoke,  
hys vengeaunce every houre.

The psalmes of David

And if we will not turne to him,  
the lord will than beginne:  
His sweord to whet, hys bowe to bend,  
and stryke vs for our sinne.

He wil prepare his killing tooles,  
and sharpe hys atowes prest:  
To stryke and pearse with violence,  
the persecutours best.

For why the wicked trauailed  
in mischief men to cast:

Conceiued sorowe and brought furth  
vngodly fraude at last.

And digde a caue and cast it vp,  
in hope to hurt hys brother:  
But he shall fall into the pyt,  
that he digde vp for other.

Thus wrong returneth to the hurt  
of hym in whom it bred:

And all the mischief that he wrought  
shall fall vpon hys head.

I will geue thanks to God therfore,  
that iudgeth rightwisely:

And with my song shall praise the name  
of hym that is most hye,

Domine,

In Metre.

Domine dominus. psal. viii.

Gods glory is so great in earth,  
that babes doe it declare:  
So doth the state of man to whom  
all creatures subiect are.

**I**n earth O lord how woonderfull,  
is thy great Majesty:  
That lifteth vp thy laude and prayse,  
aboue the heauens hye.

for why the mouthes of sucking babes  
thy honour doe disclose:

Thou makest infantes ouercome,  
thy mighty mortall foes.

And when I see the heauens hygh  
the woorkes of thyne owne hande:

The Moone, the Moone, & al the starres  
in orde as they stand.

What thing is man, lord thinke I than  
that thou doest him remember:

O what is mans posteritie,  
that thou doest it consider:

for thou hast made hym litle lesse,  
then Angels in degree:

And thou hast expuned him at last,

B.iii. with

The psalmes of David

With glory and dignitie.

Thou hast prelarde him to be Lord,  
of all thy woorkes of woonder:

And at hys feete hast set all thinges  
that he should kepe them vnder.

All shepe and neate, and all beastes els  
that in the fieldes doe fede:

Fowles of the ayre, fishe in the sea,  
and all that therein brede,

Therefore must I say once agayne,  
O Lord, that art our Lord:

Howe famous is thy maiestie,  
esteemed through the world.

Confitebor tibi. psal. ix.

The faithfull geue great thanks to God  
for that he doth destroye:

Theyr enemies all, and helpe the poore,  
that none doth them annoy.

O Lord with all my heart and mynd,  
I will geue thanks to thee:

And speake of al thy wonderous woorkes  
vnsearcheable of me.

I will be glad and much reioyce,  
in thee O God most hye:

And

In Metre.

And make my songes extoll thy name,  
about the starry skye.

For that my foes are driuen backe,  
and turned vnto flight:

They fall downe flat and are destroyde  
by thy great force and might.

Thou hast reuenged all my wrong,  
my grief and all my grudge:

Thou doest with iustice heare my cause,  
most iust a righteous iudge.

Thou dost rebuke the heathen folke  
and wicked so confound:

That after ward the memory,  
of them cannot be found.

The force and weapon of thy foes  
thou takest cleane away:

When cities wer destroyed by thee,  
theyr name dyd eke decay.

But euermore in dignitie,  
the Lord doth rule and raigne:

And in the seate of equitie,  
true iudgement doth maintayne.

With iustice he doth kepe and guyde,  
the world and euery wight:

B.iii.

With

The psalmes of David

With conscience and with equitie,  
he yeldeth folke their right.

He is protector of the poore,  
what time they be opprest:

He is in all aduersitie,  
theyr refuge and theyr rest.

All they that knowe thy holy name,  
therfore doe trust in thee:

For thou forsakest not their suite,  
in their necessitie.

Sing psalmes therfore vnto the lord,  
that dwelth in Sion hill:

Publishe among the people playne,  
his counsels and his will.

For he is mindfull of the bloud,  
of those that be opprest:

And printeth styll the poore mans plaint  
within hys blessed brest.

And though my foes dooe trouble me,  
thy mercie doth remaine:

Yea, from the gates of death, O Lorde,  
thou raysest me agayne.

In Syon that I should set forth,  
thy prayse with heart and voyce:

And



And that in thy saluacion lord,  
my soule should mushe reioyce.

When Heathen folke fall in the pye,  
that they themselues pzeperde:  
And in the net that they doe set,  
theyr own fete fynd they snarde.

Thus when ye see the wicked man,  
lye crape in his own warke:  
God sheweth his iudgement, whiche wee  
for worldly men to marke, (good

The wicked and the sinfull men,  
goe down to hell for euer:  
And all the people of the world,  
that will not God remember.

But sure the lord will not forget,  
the poore mans grief and payne:  
The patient people neuer looke,  
for helpe of god in vayne.

Than lord arylse lest men pzeuaple,  
that be of worldly might:  
And let the heathen folke receiue,  
their iudgement in thy sight.

Lord strike such terrour, feare & dreade  
into the heartes of them:

That

The psalmes of David

That they may know assuredly,  
they be but mortall men.

Ut quid domine. psal.x.

This psalme doth shew the grievous playne  
of an afflicted mind;  
And setteth out the wicked woorkes,  
of persecutours blynde.

**W**hat is the cause that thou O lord,  
art now so farre fro thyne;  
And kepest close thy countenance,  
from vs this troublous tyme;

The poore doth perishe by the proude  
and wicked mens desire:  
Let them be taken in the craft  
that they themselves conspire.

Foz of the lust of hys own heart,  
thungodly man doth boiste:  
And prayseth much the couetous,  
whom God abhorreth most.

Thungodly is so proud that he,  
of God accoumpteth nought:  
He will not call on God to know,  
his counsell and hys thought.

But walketh wrong, foz lord thy wate<sup>r</sup>  
bee



he fatte out of his sight:  
 wherfore he runneth to reuenge,  
 his ennies with dispight,

And thus he sayeth vnto himselfe,  
 as one deuoyde of grace:

I will let slip no tyme, w<sup>h</sup> he,  
 when malice may take place,

Hys mouth is full of cursednes,  
 of fraude, disceit and guyle:

Vnder hys tong doth sorow sit,  
 and trauaile all the while.

He lyeth hysd in secret stretes,  
 to slea the innocent:

Agaynst the pooze that passe hym by,  
 hys cruell pies are bent.

And lyke a Lyon pruely,  
 lyeth luryng in hys denne:  
 If he may snare them in hys nette,  
 to spoyle pooze simple men.

And for the nones full craftely,  
 he croucherh down that they:  
 By colour of hys humblenes,  
 may soone become hys pray.

Thus God forgetteth this sayeth he,  
 therefore

The psalmes of David

therfore may I be bolde:  
His countenaunce is cast asyde,  
he doth it not behold.

Arise O Lord, O god, in whom  
the pooze mans hope doth rest:  
Lift vp thyne hand, forget not lord,  
the pooze that be opprest.

What blasphemie is this to thee,  
Lord dost not thou abhorre it:  
To heare the wicked in their heartes,  
say rushe thou carest not for it.

But thou seest all this wickednesse  
and well dost vnderstand:  
That friendlesse and pooze fatherlesse,  
are left into thy hande.

Of wicked and malicious men  
than breake the power for euer:  
That they with theyr iniquitie,  
may perishe altogether.

For thou dost reigne for evermore,  
as lord and god alone:  
But al the Heathen of the earth,  
shall perishe euerichone.

Lord hearken to the pooze mens plaint,  
their

In Metre.

theiꝝ prayeꝛ and request:

Geue care to y, that thou hast wrought  
within the pooꝛe mannes bꝛest.

Reuenge the pooꝛe and fatherlesse  
and helpe them to their right:

That they may be no moꝛe oppꝛeꝛ  
with men of woꝛldly might.

In domino confido. psal. xli.

Though feithfull men that trust in God,  
be here in earth oppꝛeꝛ:

Yet he from heauen seeth their grief,  
and doth prepare them rest.

**I** Trust in God, how dare ye than,  
I say thus my soule vntill  
I flee hence as fast as any fowle,  
and hyde thee in thyne hyl.

Behold, the wicked bend their bowes,  
and make their arrowes pꝛeꝛ:

To shote in secrete and to hurt  
the sound and harmeles bꝛest.

That they may byꝛng al godlines  
to ruine and decaye:

For as for iust and righteous men,  
what can they doe oꝛ saye

**But**

The psalmes of David

But he that in his temple is,  
most holy and most hye:  
And in the heauen hath hys seate,  
of royall maiestie.

The pooze and simple mans estate  
considereth in hys mynd:  
And seatcheth out full narrowly,  
the maners of mankynd.

And with a cherefull countenaunce,  
the righteous man doth vse:  
But in his heart he doth abhorre  
all such as mischete muse.

And on the sinnetts casteth snares,  
as thicke as any rayne:  
Of tempestes, stormes, and brimstone  
appoynted for their payne. (fyes

Ye see then how a righteous God,  
both righteousness embrace:  
And vnto trueth and equitie,  
sheweth furth his pleasaunt face.

*Saluum me fac domine. psal. xii.*

The want of good men is bewailde,  
all tongues are threatned sore:  
Gods woord is true, who saith he will,  
the poore to right restore,

Helps

**H**elp lord, for good and godly men  
 doe perishe and decaye:  
 And faith and trueth from worldly men,  
 is parted cleane away.

Whoso doth with his neighbour talke  
 his talke is all but vayne:  
 For euery heart bethinketh how,  
 to flatter, lye and fayne.

But flattering and deceitfull lippes,  
 and tongues that be so stoute:  
 to speake proud thinges against y<sup>e</sup> lord,  
 the Lord wil sure cutte out.

Yet say they still, we will preuaile,  
 our tongues shall vs extolle:  
 Our tongues are outes, we ought to  
 what Lord shall vs controule? (speake)

But for the great complaynt and crye,  
 of poore and men opprell:  
 Ayle will I now sayeth the lord,  
 and helpe them all to rest.

Gods woord is lyke to si'uer pure,  
 that from the earth is tryde:  
 And hath no lesse then seven times,  
 in fyre been purifyde,

The psalmes of David

Now since thy promes is to helpe,  
lord kepe thy promes then:  
And saue vs from the cursednes  
of this ill kynd of men.

Foz now the wicked world is full  
of mischiefes manifolde:  
When vanitie with mortall men,  
so highly is extolde.

*Usquequo domine. psal. xiii.*

Though God some time seme to forget  
thaffliccion of the iust:  
At him alone they seke reliefe,  
and in hys mercie trust.

**H**ow long wilt thou forget me lord,  
shall I neuer be remembred:  
How long wilt thou thy visage hide,  
as though thou wert offended?

In heart and mind, how long shal I,  
with care tormented be?  
How long eke shall my deadly foe,  
thus tryumphe ouer me?

Behold me now my lord my God,  
relteue me with thy breath:  
Lighten myne eyes in suche a wyse,

that

In Metre,

that I slepe not in death.

Lest thus myne enmie saie to me,  
beholde I doe preuaile:

Lest thei also that hate my soule,  
reioyce to see me quaille.

But from the mercye of the Lorde,  
my hope shall neuer starte:

In whose reliefe and sauing health,  
right ioyfull is mine hearte.

Who delt with me so louingly,  
that I haue cause to lyng:

In prayse of his moste holy name,  
that is moste mightie king.

Dixit insipiens. psal. xiiiil.

The wicked saie there is no God,  
mannes woorkes are all infecte:  
Perishe shall they that trust therein,  
grace sauerh the electe.

**T**here is no god as foolishhe men,  
affirme in their madde moode:  
Their studie is corrupt and vayne  
not one of them doth good.

The Lorde beheld from heauen high,  
the maners of mankinde:

C. l. Ant.



The Psalmes of David

And sawe not one that sought about,  
his liuyng God to fynde.

Thei went all wide and were corrupt,  
and truely therz was none:

That in the worlde did any good,  
I saye there was not one.

Did thei knowe god or woozship hy  
that were so swiftly lead:

My people to deuoure and spoile,  
and eate them vp lyke bread:

But thei shall feelee a fearefull tyme,  
when God shall saye to them:

Standing among the coumpanie,  
of good and righteous men,

Ye mockt the counsell of the pooze,  
on God when thei did call:

But thei did put their trust in God,  
and he did helpe them all.

But who shall geue thy people health,  
and when wilt thou fulfill:

The promise made to Israell,  
from out of Sion hyll:

And turne their thzall to libertie,  
in bonde that long are lad:

Thal



In Metre.

That Iacob may therein reioyce,  
and Israell maye be glad.

*Domine quis habitabit. psal. xlv.*

To those that lead a godly lyfe,  
the Lorde doth promise rest:  
The fruites of their vnfeined fayth,  
are liuely here exprest.

**O** Lorde within thy tabernacle,  
who shall inhabite styll?

O, whom wilt thou receiue to rest,  
in thy moste holy hyl?

The man whose life is vncorrupt;  
whose workes are iust and streight:  
whose heart doth speake the very truth;  
whose tongue doth no disceite.

For to his neighbour dothe none yll  
in body, goodes or name:

He seeketh not to bring his frende  
to take rebuke and shame.

That in his heart regardeth not,  
malicious wicked men:

But those that loue and feare the Lorde  
he maketh much of them.

His othe, and all his promises,

C.ii.

that

The Psalmes of David

that kepeth faithfully:

Althoughe he make his covenante lo,  
that he doth lose thereby.

That putteth not to vsurie,  
his money and his come:

Ne for to hurte the innocent,  
doth bribe or els purloine.

Whoso doth all thyng as ye see,  
that here is to be done:

Shall neuer perishe in this worlde,  
nor in the worlde to come.

Conserua me domine. psal. xvi.

We neede no bloudy sacrifice,  
Christ once for all was slaine:  
And rose again from death and hell,  
they coulde hym not retaine.

**L**orde kepe me for I trust in thee,  
and doe confesse in dede:  
Thou art my God, and of my good,  
O Lord thou hast no neede.

I geue my goodnes to the saintes,  
that in the worlde doe dwell:  
And namely to the faithfull flocke,  
in vertue that excell,

In Metre,

As for their bloudy sacrifice,  
and offeringes of that kinde:  
I wyl haue none, nor yet their name  
for to bee had in minde.

For why the lorde the porcion is,  
of mine inheritaunce:  
And he it is that will restore,  
to me my lot and chaunce.

The place wherin my lot did fall,  
in beautie dyd excell:

Mine heritage assunde to me,  
doth please me wonderous well.

I thanke the Lorde that counseld me,  
to vnderstande the right:

By whose aduise I seeke remorse,  
of conscience in the night.

I set the Lorde before mine eyes,  
and trust hym ouer all:

And he doth stande on my righte hande,  
lest I might happely fall.

Wherefore my hearte is very glad,  
my glozy muche increast:  
That at the last I shal be sure,  
my fleshe in hope shall reste.

The Psalmes of David

Thou wilt not leaue my soule in hell,  
for Lorde thou louest me:  
Nor yet wilt geue thine holy one,  
corruption for to see.

But rather to the pathe of lyfe,  
wilt gladly me restore:  
For at thy right hande is my ioye,  
and shalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine. psal. xvii.

Gods churche mans doctrine doth despise,  
his woorde alone to truste:  
The worldely wishe none other welth,  
but here to liue at luste.

**O** Lorde heare out my right requeste  
attende when I complaine:  
And heate the praiet that I putte forth  
with lippes that doe not faine.

And let the iudgemente of my cause,  
procede alway from thee:  
For thou doest ponder and percieve,  
what thing is equitie.

Scrche out and trye me in the night  
and thou shalt nothyng fynde:

That I haue spoken with my tongue,  
that

In Metre.

that was not in my minde.

But from the woozkes of wicked men,  
and pathes peruerse and yll:

For loue of thy moste holy woozde,  
I haue refrained styll.

Than in thy pathes that be most pure  
Lorde thou maiest me preserue:  
That from the waye wherein I walke,  
my steppes maye neuer swerue.

For I doe call to thee, O Lorde,  
for succoure and for aide:

Than heare my prayer & way right well  
the wordes that I haue saide.

Be good to those that truste in thee,  
and in thy faith doe stande:  
But pitie not those that resiste,  
the power of thy right hande.

And kepe me Lorde as thou wouldest  
the apple of thine yie: (kepe

And vnder couert of thy winges,  
defende me secretely.

From wicked men that trouble me,  
and dayly me annoye:

And from my foes that goe aboute,

The Psalmes of Dauid

my soule for to destroye.

Which wallow in their worldly welth  
so full and eke so fat:

That in their pride they dooe not spare  
to speake they care not what.

They lye in waite where I should passe  
with craft me to confounde:

And musyng myschiefe in their myndes,  
they cast their eyes to grounde.

Muche lyke a lyon gredily,  
that would his prairie embrace:  
Or lurking like a lions whelp,  
within some secreete place.

Up Lorde and ouerturne these folke  
disperse them like a God:

Redeme my soule from wicked men,  
whiche are thy sweorde and rod.

I meane from worldly men, to whom  
all worldly goodes are rife:

That haue no hope nor parte of ioye,  
but in this presente life.

But of thy store for to be filde,  
with pleasure to their munde:

And to haue children vnto whom,

they

In Metre.

thei maye leaue all behinde.

But I shall come before thy face,  
bothe innocent and cleare:  
And all my ioye shall be when thou,  
in glozve shalt appeare.

Celi enarrant. psal. xix.

All creatures sette Gods glorye foorth,  
his woorde and lawe doth fyll:  
The worlde throughout as hony swete,  
conuerting soules from ill,

**T**he heauens and the firmamente,  
doe wonderously declare:

— The glozve of God omnipotente,  
his workes and what thei are.

Eche daye declareth by his course,  
an other daye to come:

And by the night we knowe likewise  
a nightly course to runne.

There is no language, tong or speche,  
where their sound is not heard:

In all the earth and coastes therof,  
their knowledge is conferrd.

In them the Lorde made royally,  
a settle for the sunne:

C. v.      Where



The Psalmes of David

Where lyke a Giant ioyfully,  
he might his iourney runne.

And all the skye from ende to ende,  
he compass rounde about:

No man can hide him from his heate  
but he will fynde hym out.

So perfeict is the lawe of God,  
his testimonie sure:

Conuerting soules, and maketh wyse,  
the simple and obscure.

Iuste is the iudgemente of the Lorde,  
and gladdeth heart and minde:

Pure his pzecepte and geueth lyght,  
to eyes that be full blinde.

The feare of God is very cleane,  
and dothe endure for euer:

The iudgementes of the Lorde are true,  
and righteous altogether.

And more to be embraste of thee,  
then fyned golde I saye:

The honye and the hony combe  
are not so swete as they.

By them be al thy seruauntes taught,  
to haue thee in regarde:

And

In Metre,

And in perfourmaunce of the same,  
there shalbee great rewarde.

But lord, what earthly man doth know  
howe oft he dothe offende?

Than cleanse my soule from secreete sinne  
my life that I maye mende.

And kepe me that presumptuous sinnes  
preuaile not ouer me:

And than shall I bee innocente,  
and greate offences flee.

Accepte my mouthe and eke my heart  
my woordes and thoughtes echeone:

For my redemct and my strength,  
O Lorde thou art alone.

Exaudiat te deus. psal. xx.

As God preserued Christ his sonne,  
in trouble and in thrall:

So when we call vpon the Lorde,  
he wyll preserue vs all.

I A trouble and aduersitie,  
the Lorde wyll heare thee styl:

The maiesty of Jacobs God,  
wyll thee defende from yll.

And sende thee from his holy place,

hys

The Psalmes of David

his helpe at euery nede:  
And so in Sion stablish thee,  
and make thee strong in dede.

Remembryng well the sacrifice,  
that thou to hym hast doone:  
And dothe receiue right thankefully,  
thine offeringes euerychone.

According to thy heartes desyre,  
the lord will geue to thee:  
And all thy counsell and deuise,  
full well perfourme will he.

In thy saluacion we reioyce,  
and magnifye the lord:  
That thy pet'cions and request,  
preserued with his worde.

The lord will his annointed saue,  
I knowe well by his grace:  
And send him health fro his right ha.  
out of his holy place.

In charrets some put confidence,  
and some in horses trust:  
But we remember God our lord,  
that kepeth promise iuste.

They fall downe flatte, but we doe rise  
and

In Metre,

and stande vp stedfastly:  
Nowe saue and helpe vs lorde and king,  
on thee whan we doe crye.

Domine in virtute. psal. xxi.

Christes kyngdome here he doth describe,  
with his eternall power:

All that rise vp him to resist,  
his right hande shall deuoure.

**O** Lorde howe ioyfull is the king,  
in thy strength and thy power:  
How vehemently he doth reioyce,  
in thee his sauoure.

For thou hast geuen vnto him,  
his godly heartes desire:  
To him hast thou nothing denide,  
of that he did require.

Thou didst pzeuēt hym with thy giftes  
and blessings manifolde:  
And thou hast set vpon his head,  
a croune of perfect golde,

And whan he asked lyfe of thee,  
therof thou madest him sure:  
To haue long lyfe, yea suche a lyfe,  
as euer should endure.

Grate

The Psalmes of David

Great is his glory by thy helpe,  
thy benefite and aide:

Great worship and great honour bothe  
thou hast vpon hym laide.

Thou wilt geue him felicitie,  
that neuer shall decaye:

And with thy cherefull countenance,  
wilt comforte hym alwaye.

For why the kyng doth strongly trust  
in God for to preuaile:

Therefore his goodnes and his grace  
will not that he shall quayle.

But let thine enemies feeble thy force,  
and those that thee withstande:

Finde out thy foes and let them feeble,  
the power of thy right hande.

And lyke an ouen burne them Lorde  
in fyre flame and fume;

Thine angre will destroye them all,  
and fyre wyl them consume.

And thou wilt roote out of the earth  
their fruite that should increase:

And from the noumber of thy folke,  
theyr seede shall ende and cease,

In Metre,

For why much mischief dyd thei muse  
against thy holy name:

Yet dyd they sayle and had no power,  
for to perfourme the same.

Therefore shalt thou right valcantlye  
put them to flight and chase:

And charge thy bowestrings redilye,  
against thine ennies face.

Be thou exalted Lorde therefore  
in thy strength euery houre:

So shall we syng right solemnely  
prapling thy might and power.

*Ad te domine senaui. psal. xxv.*

For aide against her enemies,  
the faithfull church dothe praye:

For pacience in aduersitie,  
and for the perfeict waye.

Lift mine heart to thee,  
my God and guide most iuste:  
Nowe suffer me to take no shame,  
for in thee doe I trust.

Let not my foes reioyce,  
nor make a scozne of me:  
And let them not be ouerthrowne,

that

The Psalmes of David

that put their trust in thee.

Confounded are all suche,  
whose dooynge are but vaine:

O Lord therfore thy pathes and wayes  
Declare vnto me plaine.

Direct me in thy strength,  
and teache me In thee praise:  
Thou art my god and sauoure  
that helpest me euery daye.

Thy mercies manifold,  
I praye thee Lord remember:  
And eke thy pietie plentifull,  
that doth endure for euer.

Remember not the faultes,  
and frailtie of my youth:  
Remember not how ignorant  
I haue been of thy trueth.

For after my desertes,  
lette me thy mercye fynde:  
But of thine owne benignitie,  
Lorde haue me in thy minde.

His mercye is full swete,  
his trueth the perfecte waye:  
Therefore the Lorde will geue a lawe,



to them that goe astray.

For all the wayes of God,  
are trueth and mercie both:  
To them that seke his testament,  
the witnes of hys troth.

Now for thy holy name,  
O lord I thee intreate:  
To graunt me pardon for my sinne,  
for it is woonderous great.

Whoso doth feare the lord,  
the lord doth hym direct:  
To leade hys lyfe in such a way,  
as he doth best accept.  
Hys soule shall euetmore,  
in goodnesse dwell and stand:  
Hys seede and hys posteritie,  
inherite shall the land.

To those that feare the lord,  
he is a fyrmament:  
And vnto them he doth declare,  
hys will and testament.

My eares and eke my heart,  
to hym I will aduaunce:  
That pluckt my fete out of the snare,

The psalmes of David

Of wilfull ignoraunce.

With mercie me behold,  
to thee I make my mone:  
For I am poore and solitary,  
comfortlesse alone.

The troubles of myne heart,  
are multiplied in dede:  
Byrning me out of this misery,  
necessitie and nede.

Beholde my pouertie,  
myne angusthe and my payne:  
Remit my sinne and myne offence,  
and make me cleane agayne.

O lord behold my foes,  
how they doe styll increase:  
Pursuing me with deadly hate,  
that sayn would liue in peace.

Preserue and kepe my soule,  
and eke deliuer me:  
And let not me be ouerthrowen,  
because I trust in thee.

The iust and innocent,  
by me doe sticke and stand:  
Because I looke for to receiue,

In Metre,

my succour at thy hand.

Deliver lord thy folke,  
that be of thy beliefe:

Deliver lord thyne Israell,  
from all hys payne and grieve:

*Ad te domine clamabo, psal. xxvii.*

**T**his psalme setteth out the Phariseis,  
with flattereing heartes vncleane:  
And sheweth how God is all our strength,  
by Christ our onely meane.

**O** Lord I call to thee for helpe,  
and if thou me forsake:  
I shalbe lykened vnto them,  
that fall into the lake.

The voyce of thy suppliaunt heate,  
that vnto thee doeth crye:  
When I lifte vp my hearte and handes,  
vnto thy heauens hye.

Repute not me among the sott,  
of wicked and peruert:  
That speake right fayre vnto their frenn  
and thynke full ill in heart. (Des

According to thexx handy woozke,

The psalmes of David

as they deserue in dede:  
And after their inuencions,  
let them receiue theyr mede.

They not regard the woꝝkes of God,  
hys lawe ne yet hys loze:  
Therefore will he their woꝝkes and them  
destroy for euermore.

To tender thanks vnto the loꝝde,  
how great a cause haue I:  
My voice my prayer, and my complaint  
that heard so willingly.

He is my shielde and fortitude,  
my buckeler in distresse:  
My hope, my helpe, my heartes relief,  
my song shall hym confesse.

He is our strength and our defence,  
our enemies to resist:  
The health and the saluacion,  
of his elect by Christ.

Thy people and thyne heritage,  
thy blessed woꝝd preserue:  
Extoll thy flocke with feithfull foode,  
that they may neuer swetue.

In Metre.

Afferte domino. Psal. xcix.

As David did the temple decke,  
with earthly sacrifice:  
So Christes church with spirituall giftes  
ye must adorne lyke wise.

Geue to the lord ye potentates,  
And princes of the world:  
Ye rammes that gyde the christen flocke  
geue laude vnto the lord.  
Geue glory to hys holy name,  
and honoz hym alone:  
Worshyp hym in hys Maiestie,  
within hys holy throne.

His voyce doth rule the waters all  
euen as hymselfe doth please:  
He doth prepare the thunder clappes,  
and gouerneth all the seas.

O. vertue is the voyce of god,  
and woonderous excellent:  
Of full great purpose and effect,  
and much magnificent.

Hys voyce doeth breake in Libanus,  
the Cedre trees full long:

D.iii.

which

The psalmes of David

Which for theyr highnes are compar'd,  
to mighty men and strong.

Whom God will strike with feareful;  
and make them all as mylde: (nes  
As calves that come to sacrifice,  
or unicornes full wylde.

Hys voyce deuydeth flames of fyre,  
and shaketh the wildernes;  
he maketh the desert quake for feare  
that called is Cades.

Hys voyce doth make the wylde hartes  
and maketh the couert playne: (tame  
And in hys temple every man  
hys glozy doth pzoclayne.

He stayed the rage of floues flood  
and stopped the red see;  
And kepeth hys seate as lord and kyng  
in hys eternitee.

The lord doth geue hys people power  
in vertue to increase:

The lord doth blesse hys people eke,  
with euerlasting peace.

Besti quoniam, psalms,

God

In Metre,

God promiset h saluacion,  
to the repentaunt heart:  
Of his mere mercie and hys grace,  
not for the mannes desert.

**T**he man is blest whose wickednesse,  
the lord hath cleane remitted:  
And he whose synne and wretchednesse  
is hydde also and couered.

And blest is he to whom the lord,  
imputeth not hys synne:  
Which in hys heart hath hyd no guyle,  
nor fraude is found therein.

For whyles that I kept close my sinne,  
in silence and constraint:  
My bones dyd wast and weare away,  
with dayly mone and playnt.

For night and day thy hand on me  
so grieuous was and sinert:  
That all my bloud and humours moynt  
to drynesse did conuert.

But when I had confest my faulces  
and shroue me in thy sight:  
My selfe accusing of my synne,  
thou didst forgene me quite.



The psalmes of David

Let euery good man pray therfore,  
and thanke the lord in tyme:  
And than the floudes of euil thoughtes,  
Shall haue no power of hym.

When trouble and aduersitie,  
Doe compasse me about:  
Thou art my refuge and my ioy,  
and thou doest ryd me out.

I shall instruct thee sayeth the lord,  
how thou shalt walke and serue:  
And bend myne eyes vpon thy wayes,  
and so shalt thee preserve.

Be not therfore so ignoraunt,  
as is the asse and mule:  
Whose mouth without a rayne or byt  
ye cannot gyde or rule.

For many be the miseries,  
that wicked men sustayne:  
Yet vnto them that trust in God,  
hys goodnes doeth remayne.

Be mercy therfore in the lord,  
ye iust lift vp your voyce:  
And ye of pure and perfect heart,  
be glad and eke reioyce.

*Benedicamus*

In Metre.

Benedicam dominum. psal. xxxiii.

The prophet Dauid prayseth God,  
warning vs to forbear:  
From euill, and exhorteth vs,  
to liue in godly feare,

**I** wil geue laude and honour both,  
vnto the lord alwayes:  
And eke my mouth for euermore,  
shall speake vnto hys prayse.

**I** doe delight to laude the lord,  
in soule and eke in voyce:  
That simple men that suffer payne,  
may heare and so reioyce.

Therefore see that ye magnifye,  
with me the liuing lord:  
And let vs now exalt hys name,  
together with one accorde.

For **I** my self besought the lord;  
he answered me agayne:  
And me deliuered in continent,  
from all my feare and payne.

Whoso they be that him beholde,  
and shewe hym theyr vntest:  
He dasheth not their countenaunce,

but

The psalmes of David

but graunteth their request.

Wholo in their afflictions,  
vnto the lord doth call:

He heareth theyr suite without delay,  
and rideth them out of thral.

The Tunggell of the lord doth pitch  
hys tentes in euery place:

To saue all such as feare the lord,  
that nothing them deface.

See and consider well therfore,  
that God is good and iust:

And they be blest that put in hym,  
theyr onely feith and trust.

Feare ye the lord hys holy ones,  
aboue all earthly thyng:

For they that feare the liuing lord,  
are sure to lacke nothing.

The mighty and the ryche shal want,  
pea, thyrst and honger much:

But as for them that feare the lord,  
no lacke shalbe to such.

Come nere therfore my children dere,  
and to my woord geue eare:

I shall you teache the perfect waye,

holp

how you the lord should feare.

Whoso would leade a blessed lyfe,  
must earnestly deuyse:

Hys tong and lippes from all disceit,  
to kepe in any wyse.

And turne hys face from doing ill  
and doe the godly dede:

Enquire for peace and quietnes,  
and folow her with spede.

For why, the pies of God aboue  
vpon the iust are bent:

Hys eares lykewise are geuen much,  
to heare the innocent.

The lord doth frowne and bend hys  
vpon the wicked trayne: (browes)

And cutteth away the memozy,  
that should of them remayne.

But whan the iust dooe call and crye,  
the lord doth heare them so:

That out of payne and misery,  
foorthwith he letteth them goe.

The lord is kynd and mercifull,  
to such as be contrite:

He saucth also the sorowfull,

The psalmes of Dauid

the meke and pooze in sp.ite.

Full many be the miseries,  
that righteous men doe suffer:  
But out of ali aduersities  
the lord doth them deliuer.

The lorde doth so p̄serue and kepe,  
the bones of hys alway:

That not so much as one of them,  
doth perishe oz decay.

The wicked dye full wretchedly,  
they seke none other boote:  
And those that hate the ryghteous men,  
are pluckt vp by the roote.

But they that serue the liuing lord,  
the lord doth saue them sound:  
And who that put their trust in hym  
nothing shall them confound.

Beatus qui intelligit. psal. xli.

The lord will helpe that man agayne,  
that helpeth poore and weake:  
The passion here is figured,  
and resurreccion eke.

**T**he man is blest that carefull is,  
the neddy to consider:

In Metre.

For in the season perilous,  
the lord will hym deliuer.

The lord will make hym safe & sound  
and happie in the land:  
And he will not deliuer hym,  
into his enemies hand.

And in hys bed when he lyeth sicke,  
the lord will hym restore:  
And th<sup>u</sup> O lord will turne to health,  
hys sickenes and hys sore.

And in my sickenes thus say I,  
haue mercy lord on me:  
And heale my soule which is full woe,  
that I offended thee.

Myne enemies gaue me ill report,  
and thus of me they say:  
When shall he dye, that all hys name,  
may banishe quite away?

And wheras they goe in and out,  
for to behold and see:  
They muse much mischief in their hertes  
what so their sayinges be.

Myne enemies runne agaynst me still  
together on a throng:

Co

The psalmes of David

To take a counsell and conspyre,  
how they may doe me wrong.

Agreeing on a wicked woord,  
and doe determine playne:  
Be he destroyed with death say they,  
he shall not ryse agayne.

The man eke that I trusted most,  
with me dyd vse disceit:  
Which ate with me the bread of lyfe,  
thesame for me layde wayte.

Haue mercy lord on me therfore,  
and let me be p[re]serue:

That I may render vnto them,  
the thynges they haue deserue.

By this I knowe assuredly,  
to be beloued of thee:  
When that myne enemies haue no cause,  
to triumphe ouer me.

Because that I am innocent,  
lord strength me I thee pray:  
And in thy p[re]sence poynt my place,  
where I shall dwell for aye.

The lord the God of Israell,  
be praised now therfore:

Which



In Metre.

Which hath been euerlastingly,  
and shalbe euermore.

Judica me. psal. xliii.

¶ The wofull mynne whom wicked men,  
would with their ill infect:  
Doth call to God for light and truely,  
hys steppes for to direct.

Judge and defende my cause: O Lord,  
From those that euill be:  
From wicked and deceitfull men,  
O Lord deliuer me.

For of my strength thou arte the God,  
why putttest me thee fro:  
And why walke I so heauily,  
oppressed with my foe:

Send out thy light and eke thy trueth,  
and leade me with thy grace:  
Bryng me vnto thy holy hill,  
and to thy dwelling place.

That I may to the altare goe,  
of God my Ioy and chere:  
And on my harpe geue thanks to thee,  
O God, my God most dere.

Why art thou chan so sad my soule  
thus

The psalmes of David

thus troubled and astrayde:  
Still trust in God, for yet will I,  
geue thanks to hym for ayde.

Dens auribus. psal. xliiii.

Gods people shewe how wonderously,  
he holpe their fathers olde:  
And much lament that now from them,  
hys hand he doth withholde.

**O**ur eares haue hearde our fathers  
and reuerently recorde: (tell  
The woonderous workes that thou hast  
in alder tyme O Lorde. (doone,

How thou didst weede the Gentiles out  
and stroyde them with strong hand:  
Planting our fathers in their place,  
and gauest to them theyr land.

It was not lord our fathers sweorde,  
that purchast them that place:  
It was thy hande, thyne arme, thy light,  
thy countenaunce and grace.

Thou art the kyng our god that holpe  
Jacob in soondry wise:  
Led with thy power we threw down such  
as did agaynst vs ryle,

In Metre.

We trusted not in bowe ne sweorde,  
they coulde not saue vs sounde:

Thou keptst vs from our ennies rage,  
thou didst our foes confounde.

And styll we boast of thee our God,  
and prayse thy holy name:

Yet nowe thou goest not with our hooſte  
but leauest vs to shame.

Wherby we flee before our foes,  
and so bee ouer trode:

Yea killed of Heathen folke like shepe,  
and scattered all abrode.

Thy people thou hast sold like slaues,  
in open market steepe:

For no rewarde as though they were,  
of none accompte in dede.

And to our neighbours thou hast made  
of vs a laughyng stocke:

And those that rounde about vs dwell,  
at vs doe grinne and mocke.

The Gentiles talke, the people scorne,  
we be ashamed to see:

Howe full of flaundre and reproche,  
our wicked ennies bee.

The Psalmes of David

For all this we forgot not thee,  
nor yet thy couenaunt brake:  
We turne not backe our heartes fro thee  
nor yet thy pathes forsake.

Yet thou hast trode vs downe to duste,  
where dennes of dragons bee:  
And couered vs with deadly deathe,  
and great aduersitie.

And if we had forgot thy name,  
and helpe of Idols sought:  
Than hadst thou cause vs to correcte,  
but Lorde thou knowest our thought.

And howe that for thy sake, O Lorde,  
we bee tormented thus:  
As shepe were to the shambles sente,  
right so thou deale with vs.

Up Lorde why sleepest thou, awake,  
and leaue vs not for all:  
Why hidest thou thy countenaunce,  
and doest forget our thrall:

For downe to dust our soule is brought,  
our wombe to earth doth take:  
Arise helpe and deliuer vs  
Lorde for thy mercies sake.

Answe

In Metre.

Audite hec gentes, psal. xlix.

Though riche men doe oppresse the poore,  
discourage not therefore:  
For vaynely trustyng in their goodes,  
they perishe euermore.

**A** people harken and geue eare  
to that that I shall tell:  
Both high and lowe, both riche & poore  
that in the worlde doe dwell.

For why my mouth shall make dys-  
of many thinges right wise: (cours)  
In vnderstanding shall my hearte,  
his studie exercise.

I wyll incline myne eare to know,  
the parables so darke:  
And open all my doubtfull speache,  
in Metre on my harpe.

The wicked dayes and euil time,  
why shoulde I feare and doubt:  
When the oppressours mischieuous,  
doe compass me about.

For some there be that riches haue,  
in whome their truste is mozte:  
And of their treasures infinite,

E.ii.

them

The Psalmes of David

themselues doe bragge and boiste,  
No man can yet by any meane,  
his brothers death redeme:  
Or make agreement accepta-  
bie vnto God for him.

Or paye the ranisome for his soule,  
that he maye liue for euer:  
And taite of no corruption,  
this lyeth in no mannes power.

We see that wise men dye as soone,  
as folishe men and fonde:  
And both doe leaue to other men,  
their goodes and eke their londe.

Although they build them houses faire  
and doe determine sure:  
To make their name right great in earth  
for euer to endure.

We see againe it is not geuen,  
with richesse to haue reite:  
But in that pointe a riche man is,  
comared to a beaste.

This is the folishe waye they walke  
with pompe to get them fame:  
And all they? frendes that folowe them  
Doe



doe muche commendethesame.

Whō death wil sone deuour like thepe  
whan thei are brought to hell:

Then shall the iust in light reioyce,  
whan they in darkenesse dwell.

Yet for all that I trust that God,  
will saue my soule from paine:  
And from all suche infernall power,  
and comfort me againe.

If any man waxe wonderous ryche  
feare not I saye therfore:  
Although the glozve of his house,  
increaseth more and more.

For when he dieth of all these thinges  
nothing shall he receiue:

His glozie will not folowe hym,  
his pompe will take her leaue,

Yet in this lyfe he taketh himselte,  
the happiest vnder sunne:

And doth commendē all other men,  
that dothe as he hath done.

But when he shall goe to his kinde,  
where his forefathers bee:

He shall his felowes fynde full darke,



The Psalmes of Dauid

that lyght shall neuer see.

A foolishhe man whome riches hath  
to honour thus p̄fardē:

That both not knowe and vnderstande,  
is to a beast comparde,

Deus deus meus. psal. lxxii.

Wheras Christes kingdome is oppresse,  
the iuste desyre of God:

Above all wealth that his pure woorde,  
maye freely come abroad.

**O** God my God, I watche to come,  
to thee in all the haste:

For why, my soule and bodey bothe,  
Doe thyrste of thee to taste.

As drought of earth would water haue  
so I desyre eche houre:

For to beholde thy holy house,  
thy glorie and thy power.

Thy goodnesse passeth worldly lyfe,  
and thele vncertaine dayes:

Whyppes therefore shall geue to thee,  
due honoure laude and prayse.

And whiles I liue I wyl not fayle,  
to woozship thec alwaye:

And in thy name I shall lift vp,

In Metre.

my handes when I doe praye.

My soule is greatly satisfide,  
and fareth wonders well:

W<sup>h</sup>a that my mouth with ioyfull lippes  
thy laude and prayse doth tell.

Gothe in my bed I thinke of thee,  
and in the euening tide:

Fo<sup>r</sup> vnder couert of thy winges,  
thou art my ioyfull guide.

My soule dothe surely sticke to thee,  
thy ryght hande is my power:

And those that seeke my soule to stroye,  
the sweorde shall them deuoure.

The kyng and all men shall reioyce,  
that doe professe Gods worde:

Fo<sup>r</sup> lyers mouthes shall nowe bee stopt,  
that haue the trueth disturbde.

Exurgat deus. psal. lxxviii.

Christes glorious kyngdome is declarde,  
and howe he should ascende;

The church throughout the world doth ioye,  
the Jewes lawe takech his ende.

**L**et God arise and than his foes,  
will turne themselves to flight:

C.iii.

115

The Psalmes of Dauid

His enemies then wyl runne abroade,  
and scatter out of sight.

And as the fier doth melte the ware,  
and winde blowe smoke awaye:

So in the presence of the Lorde,  
the wicked shall decaye.

But when the Lorde shal come to vs  
let righteous men reioyce:  
Let them be glad and mery all,  
and cherefull in theyr voyce.

And syng out laude vnto the Lorde,  
his name to magnifye:  
That sitteth as a sauiour,  
aboue the starry skye.

That same is he that is aboue,  
within the holy place:  
That father is of fatherlesse,  
and iudge of widdowes case.

That same is he that in one minde,  
the householde doth preserue:  
That bringeth bonde men out of thral,  
when wicked men doe sterue.

When thou wentest out in wildernesse  
thy maiestie did make:

The

In Metre.

The earth to quake, the heavens droppe,  
the mount Sinai to shake.

Thine heritage with droppes of grace  
full liberally is weashte:

And when thy people mourne and plaint  
by thee thei be refreshie.

There shall thy congregacion dwell,  
where thou doest point the place:

Yea for the pooze thou doest prepare,  
of thine especiall grace.

Thou doest comende thy worde O lord  
and geue thine holy sprite:

To all that preache thy ghospell pure,  
thy glorie and thy might.

Kinges with their hostes shal see away  
thy woorde shall geue the foyle:

The housholde of the liuing Lord,  
shall than deuide the spoyle.

Than shall the churche bee innocent,  
and white as siluer fine:

And in good lyfe more oriently,  
than beaten golde shall shine.

Whan he that ruleth earthly kynges  
the earth shall order so:

E. b.

Than

The Psalmes of David

Then shall the hyll of Salmon be,  
As white as milke or snowe.

Sing Basan is the hyll of God,  
and fruitefull euery whit:

Then ye the members of that hyll,  
why hop ye out of it?

Sing god is pleased wonders well,  
to dwell within this hill:

And therein doth determine plaine,  
for to continue still.

Whose charetes and his Angels eke,  
be thousandes on a thronge:

As in his mount of Sinai,  
the Lorde is them among.

The Lorde ascended vp on hye,  
And led them bounde with hym:  
That long before in bondage laye,  
of death and deadly sinne.

And as a man receiued giftes,  
and gaue them vnto men:

Yea to his foes he gaue his spite,  
that God might dwell in them.

Nowe prayesd bee the Lorde therefore  
and dayly let vs praye:

In Metre.

Our god that with his benefites,  
Doth prosper vs alwayes.

He is the God from whome alone,  
Saluacion cometh plaine:

He is the God by whom we scape,  
From euercasting paine.

This god wil wound his ennies head  
And breake the heary scalpe:

Of thole that in theyr wickednes,  
continually doe waike.

From Basan will I byng saide he  
my people and my shepe:

And all mine owne as I haue done  
from daungier of the depe.

And make them dippe their feete in  
of those that hate my name: (bloud)

And dogges shall haue their tonges em  
with lickynge of thesame. (brewed)

All men maye see howe thou, O God,  
thyne ennies doest deface:

And howe thou goest as God and king,  
into thy holy place.

The singers goe before with tope,  
the minstrels folowe after:

And

The Psalmes of David

And in the middest the damosels play,  
with timbrell and with taber.

Nowe in thy congregacions,  
O Israell prayse the Lorde:  
And from the bottome of thy heart,  
geue thanks with one accorde.

Thy chiefe is litle Benjamin,  
thy counsaile Princes been:  
of Iuda and of Zabulon,  
and eke of Reptalim.

As god hath geuen power to thee,  
so Lorde make tyzme and sure:  
The thing that thou hast wrought in vs  
for euer to endure.

Than for thy temples sake shal kinges  
geue giutes to thee alwaies:  
Greater than at Hierusalem,  
of euerlasting praise.

When thou shalt wast the waueryng  
that rage against all right: (folke)  
The stout, the nice, the money men,  
and those that loue to fight.

Than out of Egypt shall they come,  
that long haue been ful blynde:

The



The Gentiles than shall reconcile  
to God their sinfull mynde,

Than shal the kingdomes of the earth,  
sing praises to the Lorde:  
That ouer all doth sit and sende,  
to vs his mightie woorde.

Therefore the strength of Israell,  
ascribe to God on hye:  
Whose might & power doth far extend;  
aboue the cloudy skye.

Gods holines is wonderfull,  
and dread for euermore:  
And he wyll geue his people power,  
prayed be god therefore.

*Quam bonus Israell. psal. lxxiii.*

He wondreth howe the foes of God,  
doe prosper and encrease:  
And howe the good and godly men,  
doe seldome liue in peace.

**H**OWE good is God to suche as bee,  
Of pure and perfect heart:  
Yet slip my feete awate from hym,  
my steppes decline a parte.

And why, because I fondly fall,

The Psalmes of David

In enuie and disdainc:

That wicked men all thynges enioye,  
without disease or paine.

And beare no yoke vpon their necke  
nor burden on their backe:

And as for store of worldly goodes,  
they haue no waite or lacke.

And free from all aduerstie,  
when other men be shent:

And with the rest they take no parte,  
or plage or punishment.

Wherby they bee full gloriously,  
in pryde so high extolde:

And in their wrong and violence  
be wrapt so manifolde.

That by aboundaunce of their goodes  
they please their appetite:

And doe all thynges accordingly,  
vnto their heartes delite.

All thynges are byle in their respects,  
sauiug themselues alone:

They bragge theyr mischief openly,  
to make theyr power bee knowne.

The heauens and the young Lord.

they

thei care not to blasphemē:  
 And loke what thyng thei talke or saye,  
 the worlde doth well esteeme.

The flocke therfoze of flatterers,  
 doe furnishe vp their traine:  
 For there they bee full sure to sucke,  
 some profit and some gaine.

Tu thee tu thee saye they vnto themselves,  
 is there a God aboue?  
 That knoweth and suffereth all this yll,  
 and wyll not vs reprove?

Loe, ye maye see howe wicked men,  
 in riches styll increase:  
 Rewarded well with worldly goodes,  
 and liue in rest and peace.

Than why doe I from wickednes,  
 my fantasie refraine:  
 And washe my handes with innocentes,  
 and clense my hearte in bayne?

And suffer scourges every daye,  
 as subiecte to all blame:  
 And every morning from my youth,  
 sustaine rebuke and shame?

And I had almost saide as they,

mislikyng

The Psalmes of David

misliking mine estate:

But that I shoulde thy childzen iudge  
as folke vnfortunate.

Then I bethought me how I might,  
this matter vnderstande:

But yet the labour was to great,  
for me to take in hande.

Untill the tyme I went into,  
thy holy place and then:

I vnderstoode right perfectly,  
the ende of all these men.

And namely howe thou settest them  
vpon a slipperye place:

And at thy pleasure and thy will,  
thou doest them all deface.

Then lord how soone do thei consume  
and fearefully decaye:

Much like a dreame when one awaketh  
their unage passeth awate.

Thus grieued was my hearte ful sore  
my minde was muche oppreste:

So sonde was I and ignoraunte,  
and in thy sight a beast.

Yet neuerthelesse by my righte hande,  
thou

In Metre.

thou holdest me alwayes fast:  
And with thy counsell doest me guyde,  
to glory at the last.

What place is there prepared than  
for me in heauen aboue:  
There is nothyng in earth lyke thee,  
that I desyre or loue.

My fleshe and eke my heart doe fayle;  
but God doth fayle me neuer:  
For of my heart God is the strength,  
my porcion eke for euer.

And loe, al such as thee forsake,  
shall perishe euerychone:  
And those that trust in any thyng,  
sauing in thee alone.

Attendite. Psal. lxxxviii.

The couenaunt and the wonderous workes  
of God in Israell:

And how he proued them with plagues,  
and yet how oft they fell.

**A**t tend my people to my lawe,  
and to my woordes encline:  
My mouth shall speake straunge para-  
and sentences diuine. (bles

T. i.

which

The psalmes of Dauid

Which we our selues haue hearde and  
euen of our fathers olde: (lene  
And which for our instructioun,  
our fathers haue vs tolde.

Because we should not kepe it close  
from them that should come after:  
But shewe the power and glory of God;  
and all hys woorkes of woonder.

With Iacob he the couenaunt made,  
how Israell should liue:  
And made their fathers thesame lawe,  
vnto their children geue.

That they and theyr posteritie,  
that wer not sprong vp tho:  
Should haue the knowledge of the law  
and teache their seide also.

That they might haue the better hope  
in God that is aboue:  
And not forget to kepe hys lawes,  
and hys preceptes in loue.

Not being as theyr fathers wer,  
a kynde of such a sprite:  
That would not frame their wicked her:  
to know their God aright. (tes

Howe



Howe went the people of Ephraim,  
they? neighbours for to spoyle?  
Shoting their dattes the day of warre,  
and yet they tooke the foyle?

For why, they did not kepe with God,  
the couenaunt that was made:  
Nor yet would walke or leade their lines  
according to hys trade.

But put into oblivion,  
hys counsell and his will:  
And all hys woorkes most magnifike  
which he declared still.

What woonders to our forefathers  
dyd he himselfe disclose:

In Egypt land within the field,  
that called is Thaneos.

He did deuide and cut the sea,  
that they might passe at once:  
And made the water stand as still,  
as doth an heape of stones.

He lead them secret in a cloude  
by day when it was bright:  
And all the night when darke it was,  
with fyre he gaue them light.



The psalmes of David

He brake the rockes in wilderness,  
and gaue the people drinke:  
As plentifull as when the Depes  
Doe flowe vp to the brynke.

He drew cut riuers out of rockes,  
that met both drye and harde:  
Of such aboundaunce that no floudes  
to them might be comparde.

Yet for all this agaynst the lord  
theyr synne did still encrease:  
And styred hym that is most hygh,  
to wrath in wilderness.

Attemptyng him within their heartes  
lyke people of mistrust:  
Requyryng such a kynd of meate,  
as serued to their lust.

Saying with murmuracion,  
in theyr vnfeythfulnes:  
Cannot this God prepare for vs,  
a feast in wilderness?

Beholde, he strake the stony rocke,  
and floudes furthwith dyd flowe:  
Doubt not that he can geue hys folke,  
both bread and fleashe also,

acban

In Metre.

When god heard this he wared wroth  
with Jacob and hys seede:  
So did his indignacion,  
on Israel procede.

Because they did not feithfully,  
beleue and hope that he:  
Could alwaies helpe and succour them  
in their necessitie.

Wherefore he did commaund the clow  
furthwith they brake in sunder: (Des)  
And rayned downe (manna) for the to eate  
a foode of mikell woonder.

When earthly men with Angels foode  
wer fed at theyr request:  
He bad the East wind blowe away,  
and brought in the southwest.

And rayned downe fleshe as thicke as  
and foule as thicke as sand: (Dust)  
Which he dyd cast amide the place,  
where all theyr tentes dyd stand.

Then dyd they eate exceedingly,  
and all men had theyr fillles:  
Nothing did want to theyr desyre,  
he gaue them all theyr willes.

The psalmes of David

But as the meate was in theyr mouthes  
hys wꝛath vpon them fell:

And slewe the flower of all the youth,  
and choyle of Israell.

Yet fell they to theyr wonted sinne,  
and still they did him grieue:

For all the wonders that he wrought,  
they had no fast beleefe,

Their daies therfore he shortned,  
and made theyr honour bayne:

Their yeres did wast and passe away,  
with terrour and with payne.

But euer when he plaged them,  
they sought hym by and by:

Remembꝛing then he was their strength,  
theyr helpe and god most hye,

Though in theyr mouthes they did but  
and flatter with the lord: (glose  
and with their tongues & in their hertes,  
dissembled euery woꝛd.

For why, their hertes wet nothing bent  
to him nor to hys trade:

Nor yet to kepe or to perfourme,  
the couenaunt that was made,

Yet

Yet was he still so mercifull,  
 When they deserued to dye:  
 That he forgave them their misdeedes  
 and would not them destroy,

Yea many a time he turned his wrath  
 and did himselfe auyse:  
 And would not suffre all his whole  
 displeasure to auyse.

Considering that they wer but fleshe,  
 and euen as a winde:  
 That passeth away and cannot wel,  
 retorne by hys owne kynde.

How often times in wilderness,  
 dyd they their lord prouoke:  
 How did they moue and styre their lord  
 to plage them with hys stroke.

Yea when they wer conuicted well,  
 of purpose they would moue:  
 The holy one of Israell,  
 hys power for to proue.

Not thinking of his hand and power,  
 nor of the day when he:  
 Deliucred them out of the bon-  
 dage of the enemye,

The psalmes of David

Now howe he wrought hys miracles,  
As they themselves behelde:

In Egypt, and the wonders that  
he dyd in Euan fielde.

Now how he turned by hys power,  
theyr waters into bloud:

That no man myght receiue hys drinke  
at riuer ne at floud.

Now how he sent them flies and lice,  
which did vpon them craull:

And filled the countrey full of frogges,  
to trouble them withall.

Now how he dyd commit theyr frutes  
vnto the caterpillar:

And all the labour of theyr handes  
he gaue to the grassehopper.

With hailestones he destroyed theyr  
so that they wet all lost: (bynes)

And also theyr mulbery trees,  
he did consume with frost.

And yet with hailestones once agayn,  
the lord theyr cattell smote:

And al theyr flockes and herdes likewise  
with thunderboltes full hote.

He cast vpon them in hys ire,  
and in hys fury strong:  
Displeasure, wrath, and Angels ill  
to trouble them among.

Then to his wrath he made a way,  
and spared not the least:  
But gaue vnto the pestilence,  
the man and eke the beast.

He strake also the fyrst bozne all,  
that bp in Egypt came:  
And all that they had laboured for  
within the tentes of Ham.

But as for all hys owne deare folke,  
he dyd preserue and kepe:  
And caried them through wildernes,  
euen lyke a flocke of shepe.

Without all feare both safe and sound  
he brought them out of thral:  
Wheras their foes with rage of sea,  
wer ouerwhelmed all.

And brought them out into the boz-  
ders of hys holy land:  
Euen to the mount which he had pur-  
chased with hys ryght hande.

And



The psalmes of David

And there cast out the heathen folke,  
and dyd theyr lande deuide:  
And in their tentes he set the trybes  
of Israell to abyde.

Yet for all this their God most high,  
they styrted and tempted still:  
And would not kepe hys testament,  
nor yet obey hys wil.

But as theyr fathers turned backe,  
even so they went astray:  
Much lyke a bowe that would not bend  
but brake and start away.

And grieved him with their hill alters,  
theyr lightes and with their fyre:  
And with their Idols vehemently,  
prouoked hym to Ire.

Therwith hys wrath began agayne  
to kyndle in hys brest:  
The naughtinesse of Israell,  
he did so much detest.

Then he forsoke the tabernacle,  
of Silo where he was:  
Right conuersant with earthly men  
even as hys dwelling place.

Then



Than suffered he their might and po-  
in bondage for to stande: (wes

And gaue the beauty of hys folke,  
into theyr enemies hand.

And did committe them to the sweorde,  
wroth with his heritage:

The yong men wer deuoured with fyre,  
maydes had no mariage.

And with the sweorde the priestes also,  
dyd peryshe euerychone:

And not a wiewdow left aliue,  
their fault for to bemoane.

And than the lord began to wake,  
lyke one that slept a tyme:

Oz lyke a souldier, that had been,  
refreshed well with wine.

With emerauwdes in the hinder partes,  
he strake his enemies all:

And put them then vnto a game,  
that was perpetuall.

Than he the tent and tabernacle,  
of Joseph dyd refuse:

As for the trybe of Ephraim,  
he would in no wise chuse.

But

The psalmes of David

But chose the trybe of Juda,  
Wheras he thought to dwell:

Euen the mount of Syon,  
Which he dyd loue so well.

Wheras he did hys temple build  
Both sumptuously and sure:

Aske to the ground which he hath made  
Foz euer to endure.

Than chose he David hym to serue,  
his people foz to kepe:

Whiche he tooke vp and brought away  
euen from the foldes of Shepe.

As he dyd folowe the ewes with pong,  
the lord did him auaunce:

To feede his people of Israell,  
And hys inheritance.

Than David with a feithfull heart  
hys flocke and charge dyd fede:

And pzudently with all hys power,  
dyd gouerne them in dede.

Benedic anima mea. psal. ciii.

¶ To God for all hys benefices,  
we render thankes eche one:  
w ho knoweth the frailtie of vs all,  
and helpeth vs alone.

**M**y soule geue laude vnto the lord;  
 my spirite shall doe the same:  
 And all the secretes of my heart,  
 prayse ye hys holy name.

Geue thanks to God for al his giftes;  
 Gueve not thy selfe vnkynd:  
 And suffer not hys benefites,  
 to slip out of thy minde.

That gaue thee pardone for thy fault,  
 and thee restored agayne:  
 For all thy weake and frayle disease  
 and healed thee of thy payne.

That did redeme thy lyfe from death,  
 from which thou couldest not flee:  
 Hys mercie and compassion both,  
 he dyd extend to thee.

That filled with goodnes thy desyre,  
 and dyd prolong thy youth:  
 Lyke as the Eagle casteth her bill,  
 wherby her age reneweth.

The lord with iustice doth reuenge  
 all such as be opprest:  
 The patience of the perfect man,  
 is turned to the best.

The psalmes of Dauid

His waies and his commaundementes  
to Moses he did shewe:  
His counsels eke with his consentes,  
the Israelites doe knowe.

The lord is kynd and mercifull,  
when sinners doth hym griue:  
The slowest to conceiue a wrath,  
and rediest to forgeue.

He chideth not vs continually,  
though we be full of strife:  
Nor kepeth our faulces in memory,  
for all our sinfull lyfe.

Nor yet according to our sinnes,  
the lord doth vs regarde:  
Nor after our iniquities,  
he doth not vs rewarde.

But as the space is woonderous great  
twixt earth and heauen aboue:  
So is his goodnesse much more large  
to them that doe hym loue.

He doeth remoue oure sinnes from vs,  
and our offences all:  
As farre as is the sunne cysling  
full distant from his fall.

And

In Metre.

And looke what pietie parentes bere,  
vnto theyr children beare:  
Lyke pietie beareth the lord to such,  
as wurshyp in feare.

The lord that made vs knoweth our  
our moulde and fashon iust: (Chap)  
How weake and frayle our nature is  
and how we be but dust.

And how the tyme of mortall men  
is like the witheryng hape:  
Or lyke the floure right fayre in fielde,  
that fadeth full soone away.

Whose glosse and beauty stormy winde  
doe vtterly disgrace: (Des)  
And make that after their assautes,  
such blossomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnes of the lord,  
with his shall euer stand:  
Their childrens children doe receiue,  
hys righteousness at hand.

That they may kepe their promises  
with all their whole desire:  
And not forget to doe the thing,  
that he did them require.

Chap

The psalmes of David

The heauens hye are made the seate  
and footestole of the lord:

And by hys power imperiall,  
he gouerneth all the world.

Ye Aungels and ye vertuous men,  
laude ye the lord I saye:

That ye may both fulfyll hys bestes,  
and to hys wooordes obey.

Hys hoste and eke hys ministers,  
ceasse not but laude hym still:

And ye also that execute,  
hys pleasure and hys will.

Let all hys woozkes in euery place,  
geue laude vnto the lord:

My heart, my mynd, and eke my soule,  
shall therunto accorde.

Ad Dominum cum. psal. cxx.

The good men crye and much lament,  
that they so long doe dwell;

In company of carnall men,  
the sonnes of Ismaell.

In trouble and in thral,  
vnto the lord I call.

And



In Metre.

And he doth me comforte;  
Deliver me I saye,  
From lyers lippes alwaie,  
And tongue of false reporte.  
Howe hurtfull is the thyng,  
Or els how doth it stinge,  
The tongue of suche a lyer?  
It hurteth no lesse I wene,  
Then arrowes sharpe and kene,  
Of whote consuming fyre.  
Alas to long I dwell,  
With the sonne of Ismaell,  
That Chedar is to name.  
By whom the folke electe,  
And all of Isaackes secte,  
Are put to open shame.  
With them that peace did hate,  
I came a peace to make,  
And set a quiet life:  
But when my woorde was tolde,  
Causelesse I was controlde,  
By them that would haue strife.



Psalmes of Dauid

Ad te leuati. psal. cxxii.

The poore in spirite waite for the Lorde,  
evl they some grace attayne:  
The proude and welchy Pharisees,  
the simple folke disdaine.

**O** Lorde that heauen doest possesse,  
I lift mine eyes to thee:  
Euen as the seruaunt lifteth his,  
his maisters handes to see.

As hande maides watche their mistres  
some grace for to atchieue: (handes  
So we beholde the Lord our god,  
tyll he doe vs forgeue.

Lorde graunt vs thy compassion,  
and mercy in thy sight:  
For we be fylled and ouercome,  
with hatred and dispyght:

Our mindes be stuffed with great re-  
the riche and worldly wise: (buke  
Doe make of vs their mockyng stocke,  
the proude doe vs despyse.

Beati omnes. psal. cxxviii.

God

In Metre.

God bleſſech with his benefites,  
the man and eke the wiſe:  
That in his wayes doe rightly walke,  
and feare hym all their lyfe.

**B**leſſed art thou that feareſt God  
and walkeſt in his waye:  
For of thy labour thou ſhalte eate,  
happye art thou I ſaie.

Like fruitful vines on the houſe ſides,  
ſo doth thy wyfe ſpring out:  
Thy children ſtande lyke olīue buddes,  
thy table rounde about.

Thus art thou bleſſed that feareſt god,  
and he ſhall let thee ſee:  
The promiſed Hieruſalem,  
and his felicitie.

Thou ſhalt thy childres children ſee,  
to thy great ioyes encreaſe:  
Full quietly in Iſraell,  
to paſſe their tyme in peare.

(FINIS)

Here ende the Pſalmes drawen into Engliſhe  
Metre, by M. Sternholde.



## To the Reader.



Thou haste here (gentle reader)  
vnto the Psalmes that were  
drawne into Englyshe metre,  
by. M. Sternholde .vii. moe  
adioyned: Not to the intente  
that they shoulde bee sathered  
on the dead manne, and so through hys estimation to  
bee the more hyghely esteemed: Neyther for that  
they are in myne opinion (as touchyng the Metre)  
in any parte to bee compared with his moste exquis-  
yte dooynges. But especially to fyll vp a place,  
whiche elles shoulde haue been voyde, that the booke  
mayeryse to his iuste volume. And partely for that  
they are fruitfull, althoughe they bee not fine: And  
comfortable vnto a Chrystian mynde, althoughe  
not so pleasaunt in the mouthe or eare. Wherfore, yf  
thou (good reader) shalte accepte and take thys my  
doying in good part, I haue my heartes desire herein.

Farewell.

W. S. H. D.

\*

# Psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

Exaltabo te domine,

psal. xxx.

The Churche that ghostlye Israell,  
Her Lorde and God dothe praille:  
Which from the dreade of death and hell,  
Doth her defende alwayes.

**A**ll laude and praise with heart and  
O Lord I geue to thee: (voice  
Whiche wilt not see my foes reioyce,  
Nor triumphe ouer me,  
O Lord my God to thee I cryde,  
In all my paine and griefe.  
Thou gauest an eare and didst prouide  
To ease me with reliefe,  
Of thy good will thou haste cald backe  
My soule from hell to saue:  
Thou doest reliefe when strength doth  
To kepe me from the graue. (lacke  
Sing praise ye saintes that proue & see  
The goodnes of the Lord:

Gall

In

The Psalmes of David

In memorie of his maiestee,  
Keioyce with one accorde,  
For why, his anger but a space  
Dothe last and slake againe:  
But yet the fauoure of his grace,  
For euer doth remaine.  
Though gripes of grief and panges full  
Doe chaunce vs ouernight: (soe,  
The lord to ioye shall vs restore,  
Before the daye be light.  
When I enjoyed the world at will,  
Thus would I bolste and saye:  
Tush, I am sure to feele none yll,  
This welth shall not decaye,  
For thou O Lorde of thy good grace,  
Hadst sent me strength and aide:  
But when thou turndst away thy face  
My minde was soe dismaide.  
Wherefore againe yet did I crye,  
To thee, O Lorde of might:  
My God with plaintes I did applye,  
And prayde both daye and night.  
What gaine is in my bloude saide I,  
If

In Metre.

If death destroye my dayes,  
Doth dust declare thy maiestie,  
Or yet thy trueth dothe praise:  
Wherefore my God some pitie take,  
O Lorde I thee desyre:  
Doe not this simple soule forsake,  
Of helpe I thee requyre.  
Than didst thou turne my griefe & woe  
Vnto a cherefull voyce:  
The mournyng weede thou tokest me fro  
And madest me to reioyce.  
Wherefore my soule vncessauntely,  
Shall syng vnto thy prayse:  
My Lorde my God to thee wyll I,  
Geue laude and thanks alwayes.

Exultate inſi.

psal. xxxiii.

To praise the Lorde with ioye they ought,  
Whiche are accept through fayth:  
God by his woord eche thyng hath wrought,  
All mans defence decayeth.

G.iii.

Ye

**Y**e righteous in the Lorde reioyce,  
 It is a seemly sight:  
 That vpriight men with thakefull boice  
 Shoulde prayse the God of might.  
 Praise ye the Lord with harpe and song,  
 In psalmes and pleasaunte thynges:  
 With lute and instrument among,  
 That soundeth of ten stringes.  
 Syng to the Lorde a songe mooste newe  
 With courage geue hym prayse:  
 For why his worde is euer true,  
 His workes and all his waies.  
 To iudgemente, equitie and right,  
 He hath a great good wyll:  
 And with his giftes he doth delight,  
 The earth throughtout to fyll.  
 For by the woorde of God alone,  
 The heauens all were wrought:  
 Theyr hostes and powers everychone  
 His breath to passe hath brought.  
 The waters greate gathered hath he,  
 On heapes within the Moze:  
 And hid them in the depth to bee,



In Metre.

As in an house of stoe.  
All men on earth both least and moſte  
Feare ye the Lorde his lawe:  
Ye that inhabite in eche coſte,  
Obede him and ſtande in awe.  
What he commaunded wrought it was  
At once with preſent ſpede:  
What he dothe will is broughte to paſſe  
With full effecte in dede.  
The counſels of the nations rude,  
The Lorde dothe driue to nought:  
He dothe deſeate the multitude,  
Of their deuile and thought.  
But his decrees continue ſtill,  
Thei neuer ſlacke or ſwage:  
The motions of his minde and will,  
Take place in euery age.  
O bleſt are they to whom the Lorde,  
A God and guide is knowne:  
Whom he doth chuſe of mere accorde,  
To take them as his owne.  
The Lorde from heauen caſt his ſighte,  
On men mortall by byrth:

G. v.

Conſi.

Psalmes of David

Considering from his seat of might,  
The dwellers on the yearth,  
The lord I saye whose hand hath wrought  
Mans heart & doth it frame: (ught  
For he alone dothe knowe the thought  
And working of the same.  
A kyng that trusteth in his hoste,  
Shall nought preuaile at length:  
The manne that of his might doth boaste,  
Shall fall for all his strength.  
The heapes of horsemen eke shall fayle,  
Theyr sturdy stedes shall sterue:  
The strength of horse shall not preuaile  
The rider to preserve.  
But loe, the eyes of God intende,  
And watche to aide the iuste:  
With suche as feare hym to offende,  
And on his goodnes truste.  
That he of death and all distresse,  
Shape set theyr soules from dreede:  
And if that darth the lande oppresse,  
In hungre them to feede.  
Wherefore our soule doth still depende,

In Metre.

On God our strength and staye:  
He is the shield vs to defende,  
And drive all dartes awaye.  
Our soule in god hath ioye and game,  
Reioysing in his might:  
For why in his moste holy name,  
We hope and muche delight.  
Therefore let thy goodnes, O Lorde,  
Styll presente with vs bee:  
As we alwayes with one accorde,  
Doe onely trust in thee.

*Quemadmodum desiderat.*      *psal. xlii.*

The faithfull soule afflicted here,  
Doth sygh, complaine and crye:  
Vnto the Lorde for to drawe nere,  
Whom wicked men desye.

Like as the hart doth brent & braye  
The wel springs to obtaine:  
So doth my soule desyre alway,  
With thee Lorde, to remaine.  
My soule doth thirste and would drawe  
The living God of might: (neate

D

Psalmes of David

**W**hen shall I come and appeare,  
In presence of his sight:  
The teares all times are my repaste,  
Whiche from myne eyes doe flyde:  
When wicked men crye out so faste,  
Where is God thy guidee  
For comfort: this I call to minde,  
And stretch my strength abroad:  
That with the holy I shall fynde  
Heath in the house of God.  
Enioying with a ioyfull voyce,  
There full quiete and rest:  
As with a sorte that doe reioyce,  
And celebrate a feast.  
My soule why art thou sad and soure,  
Why troublest me so sore:  
Trust in the Lord and praise his power,  
That doth thy health restore.  
When that my soule in me, O Lord,  
Dothe fainte, I thinke vpon:  
The lande of Jordan, and recorde,  
The litle hill Hermon.  
One grieve an other in doth call,

In Metre.

As cloudes burste out theyr boyce:  
The floudes of euils that doe fall,  
Runne ouer me with noise.  
But yet the Lorde of his goodnes,  
Doth helpe at all assaies:  
Wherefore eche night I will not ceasse  
The liuyng God to praise:  
I am perswaded thus to saye,  
To hym with pure pretence:  
O Lorde thou arte my guide and staye,  
My rocke and my defence.  
Why doe I then in pensifenes,  
Hanging the head thus walke:  
While that mine enemies me oppresse  
And bere me with their talke?  
For why, thei pierce mine inward partes  
With panges to be abhorde:  
When thei crie out w<sup>th</sup> stubberne heartes  
Where is thy God thy Lorde?  
So sone why dost thou faint and quail  
My soule with paines oppresse?  
With thoughtes why dost thy self assaile  
So soze within my brest?

Truitt

Psalmes of David

Trust in the Lorde thy God alwayes,  
And thou the time shalt see:  
To geue him thanks with laud & praise  
For health restord to thee,

*Quid gloriaris. psal. lxx.*

The wicked that the Lorde despysed,  
And truste in worldly strength:  
With suche as yse disceit and lyes,  
Shalbe destroyde at length.

**W**hy doste thou Tyrant boast abroad,  
Thy wicked woorkes to prayse?  
Dost thou not know there is a god,  
Whose strength dothe last alwayes?  
Why dothe thy minde yet styll deuise,  
Suche wicked wiles to warpe?  
Thy tonge vntrue, in forgeyng lyes,  
Is lyke a rasour sharpe.  
On mischief why doest set thy minde  
And wilt not walke byright?  
Thou hast more last false tales to finde  
Than bring the trueth to light.  
Thou doest delite in fraude and gyle,

In



In craft, disceite and wzonge:  
 Thy lippes haue learnde the flatterynge  
 O false disceiptfull tongue. (Stile  
 Therfore shal god thy strength cōfound,  
 And plucke thee from thy place:  
 Thy seede and rootes frō of the ground,  
 At once he shall deface,  
 The iuste when they beholde thy fall,  
 With feare will prayse the Lord:  
 And in reproche of thee withall,  
 Crye out in one accorde.  
 Beholde the man whiche would not take  
 The Lord for his defence:  
 But of his goodes his God did make  
 And trust his owne pretence.  
 But I an okie freshe and grene,  
 Shall spring and sprede abroad:  
 For why, my truste all tymes hath bene  
 vpon the liuing God.  
 For this therfore will I geue prayse,  
 To hym with hearte and voyce:  
 I will set furth his name alwayes,  
 vnder his sainctes teiopce,



Psalmes of David

Deus deusant. psal. lxxix.

Here are set forth the sore assaults,  
That wicked men inuente:  
Against Goddes Church which sheweth her  
And dothe to him lament. (faulces)

**O** Lorde the Gentiles doe invade,  
Thine heritage to spoyle:  
Jerusalem an heape is made,  
Thy temple they despoyle.  
The bodies of thy sautes moste dere  
A brode to birdes they caste:  
The fleshe of such as doe thee feare,  
The beastes deuoure and waste.  
Theit bloude throughout Hierusalem,  
As water spilt they haue:  
So that there is not one of them,  
To laye theyr dead in graue.  
Thus are we made a laughing stocke  
Almoste the worlde throughout:  
The enemies at best and worse,  
Whiche dwell our coastes about.  
Woulte thou, O Lorde, thus in thine pre-  
Against

Dust thou get, and to Dust  
shalt thou returne.